A Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans Way back up in the woods among the evergreens D There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood A Where lived a country boy named Johnny B Goode E7 Who never ever learned to read or write so well A But he could play the guitar just like ringin a bell

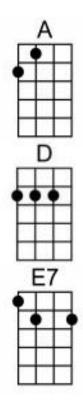
A Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go! D Go, Johnny go! Go! A Go, Johnny, go! Go! E7 A Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode

A

He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack

Or sit beneath the tree by the railroad track D Oh an engineer could see him sitting in the shade A Strummin' to the rhythm that the drivers made E7 People passing by they'd stop and say A Oh my but that little country boy can play

A Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go! D Go, Johnny go! Go! A Go, Johnny, go! Go! E7 A Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode



A

His mother told him some day you will be a man

And you will be the leader of a big old band D Many people coming from miles around A And hear you play your music till the sun goes down E7 Maybe someday your name gonna be in light A Sayin' Johnny be Goode tonight

A Go! Go! Go, Johnny go! Go! D Go, Johnny go! Go! A Go, Johnny, go! Go! E7 A Go, Johnny, go! Go! Johnny B. Goode